

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH—LITES



FEBRUARY - 1958

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

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EDITORIAL



SCHOOL SPIRIT

Have you ever thought what school spirit is?

“Sure,” you say. “School spirit is going to all the games and cheering for the team. Oh, and wearing red and black on School Colors Day.”

In that case, N.A.H.S. is full of school spirit. Basketball games are jammed to capacity and the screams and cheers for the team are deafening. On School Colors Day the corridors are a sea of red and black. Don't you think, though, that a little of that old school spirit should prevail every day here at N.A.H.S., and not only on Tuesday and Friday nights? Don't you agree that a feeling of pride in the green lawns and athletic fields and in our sprawling building with its well equipped rooms should want us to make N.A.H.S. one of the best schools around?

“Sure,” you nod reluctantly. “But what does that have to do with school spirit?”

The answer is, “Everything.” School spirit is the intangible something that binds a heterogeneous assortment of teenagers into a compact group who will defend the merits of their school against the assertions of any outsider, and will take pride in the appearance of their school. Unfortunately, there seems to be a slight deficiency of school spirit concerning this last point.

Is it school spirit that compels us to leave empty milk bottles and crumpled paper bags strewn over the cafeteria, giving it the appearance of a wheat field after a plague of locusts? Does school spirit oblige us to drill neat little holes with a compass on the tempting expanse of a new desk, or engrave our names for posterity on the backs of chairs?

We would protest vigorously against anyone who dared to suggest in us any lack of school spirit, but do we have the right kind, the type that stays with us every day, or the semi-weekly kind that exercises our lungs on Tuesday and Friday nights? We would do well to stop and consider.

Claire Oskar, '58

THE MYSTERY OF THE ELEPHANTS

For years explorers and big game hunters have dreamed of the legendary graveyards of elephants. These graveyards are full of ivory tusks. For some reason no one has been able to find where elephants go to die. Some experts say that the dying elephants go to secret graveyards to join their ancestors in acres of ivory. The thing that puzzles the seekers of these graveyards is that no one has proved or disproved the legends.

Some explorers have tried to follow aged elephants who have left the herd, probably making the trip to the closest cemetery. But they have failed for many reasons. In the first place, if the wind was right, an elephant could get the scent of man. Then he would travel at a steady fifteen mile an hour pace through even the densest jungle. Another reason that these animals are hard to follow is that they follow a very narrow trail, usually only two and a half feet wide. Also, the spongy ground on which they walk springs back so no footprints are left.

Once a famous explorer followed a dying elephant for several days. Finally he came to a grassy plateau. He saw the elephant lying dead among scores of other dead beasts. But this was not a burial ground, for after he has studied the scene, he saw a water hole containing alkali. The elephant had been poisoned.

Two other British hunters came on a trail that they thought was the answer to the mystery. The trail was about fifty feet wide. After following it they came to a river. They saw no tracks leading from it. They searched the banks on both sides for ten miles. They believed the graveyard was under water, for elephants could walk under water by holding their trunks above the surface. They were not able to get help to search, so they dropped the theory.

For more than two hundred and fifty years, explorers and hunters haven't been able to solve the mystery. About two thousand of the animals die every year, but what happens to them? No one knows. Until someone finds out, the elephant riddle will remain a mystery.

Michael Greenler, '58

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WHAT IS A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL?

Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen there comes into being that laughable, lovable character known to all as a high school girl.

High school girls come in assorted shapes, sizes and hair styles.

Parents worry about her, little sisters adore her, brothers tease her, grandparents spoil her, boyfriends are mad about her, and everyone loves her.

A high school girl likes boys, Bermuda shorts, class rings, going steady, Elvis Presley, Rock and Roll, boys, assorted sweaters, flashy knee socks, boys, Tab Hunter, Saturday nights, dirty white bucks, football games, boys, basketball games, assorted lipsticks, yellow convertibles, the latest hair styles, sad movies, and boys.

She has a strong sense of loyalty to her school, her team, and her friends.

She hates homework, time limits, and report cards.

She tolerates detention period (where she spends most of her afternoons) and bluffs her way by some unknown method through Algebra II, much to her own surprise as well as that of her teacher.

Who else can spend this week's allowance three weeks before she gets it and come in exactly as the clock strikes 12:00 p.m., the deadline? Who else can listen to Joe Smith, eat cookies, drink coke, do homework, read movie magazines, and talk on the phone all at the same time?

And yet on that June night when the high school girl, clothed in the traditional cap and gown, gracefully crosses the stage to proudly receive her diploma, the work of four years; when she turns to wave at her family and friends with a happy look on her face which plainly says, "Isn't it wonderful?"—then adults realize that all was not in vain.

Gene Sztucinski, '58

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LITERARY

A LASTING FRIENDSHIP

In our present world of confusion, all at times seems to be done with an air of tension. Now and then I like to escape from the world around me and wind my way to a secluded spot that I have gone to many times since childhood.

My hide-away is just a tree, on a hill not far from my home. It is not a massive tree and is not beautiful to look at, yet it has the power to put me at ease. It has grown with me.

I first found it on a walk, a young pine, struggling for a place among all the taller pines surrounding it. Steadily it grew bigger in stature, and when one year there was a hurricane of terrible force, it stood proudly in its spot, though all around it fell. Its branches provided a haven for all the birds and small animals that were in the woods. Even when the winter winds started to blow and the birds flew southward, it stood erect. Snow soon lay on its massive branches and gave a touch of magic to the scene.

My tree has finished growing now, as I have, yet we are still friends. A few days ago I started to go there. When I was a few yards away, I saw a small child sitting 'neath a small tree next to mine as I had done years ago, when I had first formed a lasting friendship with Mother Nature and her children.

Catherine Cummings, '59

THE SKIER IN MOTION

The skier stood poised on the brow of the hill like a bird ready for flight. Suddenly, with a backward shove of her poles, she was off-- a red and black blur as she flew down the snowy slope with gathering speed!

The wind whipped tears into her eyes. It flattened her chestnut curls against her head. Swiftly she neared the jump.

Now she was catapulting through space, flying like a bird. Then quickly she began to drop, lower and lower, until she once more alighted on "terra firma". The momentum carried her forward for several yards.

Making a snow flying stop, she again stood motionless. Turning, she glimpsed the next skier, silhouetted for an instant against the blue of the sky. Then he, too, was in flight. Lois Meserve,'59

* * * * *

NEED A NEW DRESS? TRY SEWING

Have you ever tried to get mother to buy you a new dress? Has your endeavor been unsuccessful? Well--make your own!

First, round up all your paraphernalia. This consists of a sewing machine, (if you haven't got one, quit now while you're ahead), a pattern, pins and needles, and unimportant things like material, thread, and scissors.

Now lay your material on a flat surface (the floor will do). Take out the pieces of the pattern--hey, who is that standing on your handiwork?--your father!--well, chase him off! Now pin the pattern pieces on. Can't you find the pins? Well, sit down and try to remember where you put them. Now, now, don't get excited. Just be careful coming down from the chandelier. You didn't have to sit so hard!

Now, pin the pattern on, baste the pieces, (I don't know what it means either, but I imagine gravy will do), pick up the mess, and take it over to the machine to sew up the seams. Straighten the rough spots with your fingers-- carefully!

Well, don't say I didn't warn you. You'd better not pull the stitches out of your fingers; they might fall off. Just cut the thread between them so they don't look webbed. Oh, oh, you are clumsy! Well, it's done now. Short fingers are much easier to work with.

After you've finished your dress, compare it with the one on the guide. Did you say you've got the skirt back sewn to the blouse front? Just tell you where the armholes are? Oh! I thought those were pockets. Are you sure you're not holding that thing upside down? The hemline looks very much like a collar. No? I do think the kickpleat looks strange at the neckline.

Now, show it to mother. There, there, now, stop crying; she did give you the money for the new dress--didn't she?

Renee Broughton,'59

LAST MINUTE THOUGHTS

As she stood waiting, she was a vision of loveliness. Today was the most important and happiest day of her life.

Her eager eyes wandered over the rows of people. She peered anxiously, as if looking for a certain person. Her efforts proved to be in vain and the expression on her face darkened.

She listened to the beautiful music being played. Thoughts of fear raced through her mind. Wasn't he going to show up?

She looked up. People were staring at her. They were whispering among themselves. It was true. He wasn't coming.

Suddenly the organ bellowed out the first chords of the Wedding March. A smile appeared on her tear-stained face as she proceeded down the aisle to a new life and lasting happiness.

Anne Messina, '59

* * * * *

X 2137a

In order to send this message that you are hearing now, I have rigged up some wire from my belt and an antenna, and have hooked up some extra batteries I had kept but never used until now.

Just exactly ten minutes ago I pulled myself down the corridor of our ship by the handhooks. The ship was in trouble. We were the only living things between Mars and the Earth and our power supply had to go on the blink! It was one of those new ion stream jobs; really made our old atomic fission ship look sick.

Well, anyway, I decided to call the bridge even though I knew that the phones would not be working. I must have stood there fifteen minutes trying to get that intercom to work. Finally Jak came along and told me the skipper wanted everyone on the bridge immediately.

On the way there, we met Arti and he joined us. Arti was the best shocker wave man I knew about, but he got scared easy. The skipper ordered us all into our suits.

"Never can tell what might happen," he said.

The skipper is a real Southerner. Talks just right, not like some of those fake screen actors.

Back in the locker room, I had my suit on and was helping Jak with his when there was a whining sound and the ship started to spin. The artificial gravity had cut out the power supply.

A screaming, smashing object cut through the ship in the compartment next to the locker, and the four of us there were hurled into space.

I saw the thing. It was a medium sized meteor that had cut through the ship like a giant can opener.

The ship fell apart in slow motion, spilling out the rest of the crew, all of whom, except Arti, had gotten their suits fully on. We heard his dying scream through our suit radios. He had not had time to fasten the back. The skipper was talking, but I had heard so much of his blab in the last two years that I didn't want to listen, and since he couldn't reach me, I turned off my set.

Later, my radio on again, I heard someone sobbing. It was Jon, our head engineer. I tried to comfort him, but it was no use. I endured his cries till we were out of radio range.

All of us were slowly drifting apart, each in the direction in which he was hurled from the ship.

I headed for Earth at a tremendous rate of speed.

In a few seconds now, when I hit Earth's atmosphere, I shall burn up like a meteor. By the time this message reaches you, men of Earth will know the fate of ship X 2137a. Signing off, Pete Grygent, Chief Petty Officer. * * * * *

A small boy and his mother were walking home, in the late evening, to their country farm. Suddenly the boy shouted, "Look mother, a shooting star!"

"Yes, dear" said his mother. "Now hurry along or your father will be worried."
Steven Smith,'61

* * * * *

BOY MEETS GIRL

Across the street from us an adorable little girl named Linda had just moved in. She was five years old and had blond ringlets and pink cheeks. Everyone made a fuss over her. Everyone, that is, except my brother Paul (also five years old). He would stick his tongue in his cheek and say, "Aw girls. Who likes girls anyhow? They're always strutting around and showing off and making eyes at fellas, just 'cause their jealous 'cause they can't play football. Girls, pooh!" And here he'd go strutting out of the room making eyes at Mother and making such an absolute fool of himself I'd have to laugh.

Then Linda joined his kindergarten class and it was inevitable they'd meet.

I was worried needlessly about my dear brother Paul's appearance. I was as surprised as possible when he came down to breakfast all dressed up in his Sunday suit. His shoes were polished, his hands and fingernails clean, and his hair slicked back neatly.

He and Linda came out at the same time. As their eyes met, Linda blushed prettily and Paul turned deep scarlet right to the roots of his hair. His tongue was pushed into the side of his cheek. He stuck his hands in his pockets and started shuffling his feet.

"Hi," called Linda as she fluttered her pretty eyelashes.

"H-h-h-hi," Paul forced out between sighs.

"Come on," said Linda, "we'll be late." Paul was speechless. He just stood there.

Finally I gave him a little push and said, "She's really awfully nice."

That seemed to bring him out of his trance and he uttered another sigh and said, "Y-e-e-e-s." Then, as he ran down the stairs, he called over his shoulder, "Girls ain't so bad after all."

I chuckled just a little as I walked back into the house. The old story of boy meets girl.
Andrea Lodge,'61

THE WALL

He blinked as he emerged from the darkness of the interior of the hut into the full glare of the noonday sun, which shone down mercilessly on the courtyard. The gravel crunched beneath the measured tread of polished boots, as the little group made its way toward the high wall on the other side of the courtyard.

The wall reflected the light which was, in turn, reflected from the brass buttons and gold embroidery of the major's uniform and made every ornament stand out in minute detail.

They stopped at the wall, then turned about at an order, marched ahead a short distance, and turned and faced the wall.

The major went forward and addressed the tall figure clad in peasant's clothes, standing against the wall. The latter contemptuously refused the offer of reprieve in return for information and refused the blindfold also.

They made a strange pair, the major and the rebel leader, standing there in the blazing sun.

The major, much to his dislike, was forced to look up at the other. The rebel gazed haughtily down on the major. The major's waxed mustache rode upward with the sneer that curled his upper lip; he turned sharply on his heel and strode back to the firing squad. His ornate saber glittered in the sun as he withdrew it from the scabbard. His moment of glory had arrived. He had longed for this day for many months.

Miguel knew full well the demoralizing effect his death would have on his followers.

"Ready!"

He remembered the small hut where the dictator's troops had finally surrounded him. They had fought until their ammunition was exhausted.

"Take aim!"

They had shot the other two survivors immediately and had taken him prisoner, hoping to force information from him.

"Fire!"

The major fell. His blood immediately was absorbed by the dry sand.

Miguel rushed forward to greet the firing squad, his faithful followers.

Leonard Despres,'58

* * * * *

MEDITATION IN THE DEAD OF WINTER

It was a cold February afternoon. I ventured forth into the wind to walk down the newly plowed road.

No sound could be heard in the biting cold, no animal moved; only the wind whistled ominously through the barren tree tops. It had whipped the surface of the lake into fantastic patterns of ice and snow.

As I turned around and looked at my footsteps in the snow I had the weird feeling I may have been walking on another planet, for the setting sun had transformed them from ordinary shapes into mysterious patterns from another world.

Could there be any life left in this bleak atmosphere?

I turned my steps and entered my neighbor's barn. The warm odor of the hay assailed my nostrils, and the barn was filled with the bleatings and baa-ings of the new Easter lambs....always born during the desolate months of February.

How thrilling that here in New England's dead of winter there should be the first signs of life, giving promise of the warmer days to come! There in the barn I felt the first anticipation of spring as I pictured the new born lambs scampering in the green pastures.

Soon February's hour glass will run out! The days will become increasingly warmer and the sun will stay in the sky longer each day, and the snow in the woods will settle and melt.

Yes, soon, very soon spring and life will begin again!

Susan Roberts, '59

* * * * *

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE

It was sheer unadulterated murder. A series of short unearthly shrieks and then----nothing. A heavy silence, which was almost as piercing as a volley of gunshots, settled over the house. This had been going on for some time now, and I determined to find the solution. Screwing up my courage, I sprang from my chair and hastened to the scene of the crime.

Nervously I tiptoed down the hall, after first making sure I wasn't being observed, and then, holding my breath, I pushed open the door. Just as I'd expected, there was nobody there. It was the most maddening situation I'd ever encountered.

Suddenly I stiffened. A playful sunbeam, dancing merrily across the floor, had stopped short in stunned surprise upon finding itself face to face with a smooth, gleaming object. "The plot thickens," I thought, stifling a shout.

Then I hit upon a daring scheme. I would put a stop to this outrage and I would do it single-handed. Wrapping my handkerchief around it, I stole quietly down the stairs and out the back door. Looking around, I crept cautiously to the edge of a nearby pond, and flung it as far as I could, where nobody would find it. I stood there, gazing down, wondering if I had done the right thing. Then I returned to the house, where I laid the rest of my plans.

This momentous occasion happened over twenty-five years ago, but to this day, no-one besides myself has ever known what happened to my brother Joey's trumpet, although I suspect many have often blessed their unknown benefactor for preserving them from a truly horrible fate.

Mary Phelan, '58

* * * * *

MOVIN' WEST

Grim, foreboding, a no man's land upheaving its ugly face to the vastness of the western skies, the desert awoke in blistering fury, a harsh kaleidoscope of dirty reds, blacks, grays and yellows in the early morn-

ing light. Red pinnacles of rock reared their majestic stature into the air about, while far below them their companions, the sand dunes, lifted their rolling wakes in dull shades of gray and yellow, lying there in seemingly groveling humbleness to their statuesque cousins.

As the blistering heat of the sun became more intense, as it climbed higher in the sky, life began to appear on the desert. The rattlesnake slithered forth from his home in the lee of a rock, and glided gracefully over the hot sand to a shale slab where he would bask the live-long day and wait patiently lest some unfortunate desert rat or gopher should venture near and provide him with a meal. And also, there were the dapper cactus sparrows, flitting here and there from their homes in the tall saguaro cactus, to sip sparingly of the nectar of a flowering prickly pear.

Yes, it is barren and desolate; and yet the silence of this wasteland casts a sleepy solitude and somewhat peaceful aspect o'er its vast expanse.

The desert holds many secrets, but the one event it did not nor could foresee was the coming of man. Man, with his lumbering conestogas and his sweating, straining animals, his creaking wheels, and groaning traces, and clanking chains, and curses, as he wore a trail deep into the heretofore untrammelled expanses of this wasteland.

Man drove teams of horses and oxen. He cursed them, he beat them, and yet they labored on, doing his bidding, pulling his wagons. Under blistering skies and through dragging sands they would toil in their yokes and harnesses until, at night, when their master camped for the evening, they would sink gratefully to the ground and rest. At night also, when man had settled himself, there would be wafted to the drowsy sparrows as they snuggled into their nests, the low soft singing of the pioneers, their strong voices hushed as they mouthed the words of a well-known psalm.

But there were not always happy times among these pioneers. No, for often the sparrows would halt in their chirping to view the burial of one who had not been quite strong enough to face the fury of this untamed wasteland. But as deep as was their grief, and as painful as was their sorrow and heartbreak, in a few moments, after respectful prayers, they would climb again to their wagons, and lifting their whips they would move on, their chains clanking, their traces creaking, and their wagons groaning.

This is the desert—grim, foreboding, a no man's land; and yet these hardy pioneers braved, faced, and conquered the dangers of the desert, knowing that they were moving on to a new and richer land—
MOVIN' WEST.

Helen Phillips, '59

* * * * *

TRAPPED!

John Baxter trembled as he gazed down from his high perch on Indian Mountain, for there below him was the one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world, a red roan colt named Flame.

Flame was two years old, with a full barrel chest and powerful hind-

quarters, developed from racing over the vast plains and jumping crevices on mountain trails. His coat shone like a ball of fire, and his mane and tail played gracefully with the breeze as his magnificent head swung to and fro in his constant search for enemies. The rich blood of his Spanish ancestors flowed deep in his veins, giving him the quality and pricelessness of a prized thoroughbred.

John had been fourteen when he had first seen the red colt, and he had been planning for the day when he would capture the magnificent animal. Now, as he watched Flame, a plan was forming in his mind. Soon the summer would come and the herd that Flame traveled with would be headed for cooler regions high up on the mountain range, so that John had approximately one month in which to capture the horse. He knew he would have his father's help in anything he planned.

As he galloped back to the ranch, he prepared the scheme for setting the trap. He knew of a perfect set-up—a blind canyon that could be made into a large corral with a gate at the entrance. A perfect trap!

Three weeks passed and finally, after a lot of hard and tedious work, John and his father were able to stand back and inspect their work. It was a job well done. Sturdy logs framed the canon, with branches and bushes for a camouflage. But this was only one-fourth of the job done—the big test was to actually drive Flame into it.

They went back to the ranch to get fresh horses and then set out in search of the herd. Luckily, they found them grazing by a mountain stream, not far from the trap. They spread out and went up slowly, so as not to startle the herd, but they always kept a good distance away. One mile went by. Two miles. At last in sight of the trap, John and his father spurred their mounts forward at the same time, yelling and waving their hats, stampeding the herd safely into the corral. After that the job was easy. With two ropes taut about his neck, Flame had no choice but to follow the two humans that led him.

It was a job well done, and surely the prize that the Baxter's took home with them that day was well worth it. Paula Coates,'58

* * * * *

A MAN WITH RESPONSIBILITY

“Dive! Dive!”

The call came over the intercom from the short wave radio room to dive immediately. We were on the submarine U.S.S. Conservative which was in the South Pacific during World War II, seeking out and destroying Japanese supply and destroyer ships.

This evening we had surfaced as the sun was setting on the horizon, which was about seventeen hundred or 7:00 p.m. We had been under water all day, dodging Japanese P.T. (Patrol Torpedo) boats after having completely destroyed two destroyers and one Japanese aircraft carrier. We considered this a day's job well done, for these ships were in Japanese warfare. We had surfaced to recharge our batteries, which were very low, and to get some fresh air. We had only been in heaven, (the men on board this submarine called fresh air, land, and sky heaven,

for it was like hell under water, not knowing whether you were going to sink or stay buoyant enough to get to the surface again) for about thirty minutes when, for some unknown reason, Japanese anti-aircraft planes spotted us and started heading for the surfaced submarine. We had two minutes to dive or get riddled with bullets and bombs.

I am Captain Blake, United States naval commander of this submarine. Mine was the voice you heard over the intercom ordering the boat to dive. As I stand here, watching the men go through the hatch from their stations on top of the submarine, I glance through my binoculars to see how close the Japanese planes are. I begin to wonder whether we'll make it, or will they make us.

There are ten seconds left, with me the only one left on deck to go through the small hatch, just large enough for a man, and the water is already overflowing the bow. After getting halfway through, with approximately three seconds left, I look back once more at the on-coming enemy planes, and yell, "They're on us." I slam the cover of that hatch as the water starts seeping in.

We dove fifty feet, but while doing so wondered whether we would be bombed or not. Sure enough, at about twenty feet under, the ship rocked from bombs exploding all around us. Then I, immediately after getting up off the floor where I had fallen from the swaying of the ship, asked my radio man to ask the crew if they were all right. The reply came back that everyone was O.K., but in the engine room the men were all wet, for the room was flooding up quickly. The bomb had hit the main torpedo room and engine room.

I yelled, "Get out of there, you fools, and close off all entrances leading to both rooms."

We finally dove about seventy feet and started to level off. Then, with much amazement, I felt the ship start diving again, only this time it was backwards. The lieutenant, always quick with a remark, said, "That must be very heavy water to make this baby sink!"

We sank to the depth of ninety-eight feet, not accounting for the ten feet or so we sank into the mud. I figured that the stern engine and torpedo rooms were filled with water.

With a sigh of some relief that no one was injured, I sat down and figured the best possible way out. As we were in enemy territory, it would be senseless to send for rescue ships, for the enemy would only do the same thing to them that they had done to us. I thought of the Smith water lung, which would not be too appropriate, for it was used when there was a lack of oxygen. I set the lungs aside as a last resort.

Then came the thought of the ballast tanks, and I said to myself, "If they don't get us all out in one piece, nothing will."

I guessed my best way out was the ballast tanks. After sending out some frogmen to patch up the hole, I said, "Prepare to blow all ballasts." Meanwhile, Lieut. Gibson was set to getting the emergency pumps ready, so that when we surfaced we could bail the water out speedily. I figured we could escape in the dark without being seen.

"When I say fire, let them tanks rip wide open." I started counting "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, fire!"

With a jerky motion, which made the ship tremble, we started surfacing horizontally. We waited tensely to hit the surface.

We opened the ship's hatch to get fresh oxygen and to see what heaven was like again.

As we got near home, which was Pearl Harbor, and with a still badly crippled ship, I radioed our base to send for help to pick us up. I also gave them the log of the day's events and how we had pulled through. The general radioed back and said, "I wish we had more reliable commanders like you. Over."

V. Douglas Walshe, '59

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OLD IRONJAW STRIKES AGAIN

It was the day of the annual fishing contest and a heated argument was going on between my friend Alan and me. I was getting some of my gear ready for the competition when Alan reminded me of the fifteen dollar prize money for the third time. We were both hoping to catch Old Ironjaw, a thirteen pound largemouth bass who had his domain in Stiles Pond, near my home. Alan persisted in his argument.

"But Arthur, I can use half of the prize money and the only way we'll have a ghost of a chance of hooking Ironjaw is with your father's rod. It can cast way into the cove where he is."

I pondered over his argument. We did need some money and Dad's rod was the only rod we could get that would cast far enough. I knew Alan's plan and I didn't like it. After all, a fellow can get into an awful lot of trouble by taking his father's fishing rod without asking.

"I know, Alan, but it just doesn't seem right."

"Don't worry, Arthur, your father is at work today so we could use his rod and have it home before he gets back."

It was useless to resist so I said yes and got the rod. I guess I had a guilty conscience because the thought of my father finding us out kept running through my mind. Little did I know that this was a prelude to calamity.

"Ironjaw is probably around that sunken branch," Alan advised.

"I hope so," I said, "cause I'd like to catch the fish and get the rod back home before dad finds out."

It was too late to turn back, so I brought the rod tip back and snapped it forward, sending the brightly colored lure out over the cove and into the water just beyond the branch. I reeled in slowly, bringing the lure skittering back to the boat.

Alan and I took turns casting for the better part of an hour, with no results.

"Look," I said, "Dad will be home soon and I don't want to take the consequences. I'll make a few more casts; then we're going home."

My next cast streaked out and I spoke to Alan for a few seconds. Before I knew what was happening, the rod was jerked out of my hand and disappeared underneath the water of the cove. While I was talking, Old Ironjaw had struck again, taking Dad's expensive rod and reel with him.

I went home in despair, with Alan giving me comfort and a few words of advice about how to soften dad up and get a little lighter punishment.

There was nothing I could do but tell Dad as gently as I could. Needless to say, I ate supper from the mantelpiece.

Arthur Woodbury, '61

A MECHANIC'S DREAM

Tom Cary loved jet planes just as another man might love a girl. To Tom, this whizzing wing of steel and flame was the most beautiful thing man could create. He was twenty years old and was a mechanic at one of the bases in Korea.

Ever since he had been a youngster, Tom had wanted to fly. He'd worked tirelessly with cars and tools, all aimed at the final goal of someday speeding through the sky behind the controls of a jet fighter. However, when he'd enlisted in the airforce, the top brass had decided that his knack with tools and machinery was better suited to ground work rather than to flying. So, dejectedly, Tom had accepted the post of mechanic. * * * * *

In the sky in the east, the first faint signs of dawn were approaching. Tom was tuning up his Shooting Star for Major Hopkins, who was scheduled to fly a reconnaissance mission in twenty minutes. Tom hosed in an extra ten gallons of fuel and then he blasted the motor once more, testing the oil pressure; everything was okay for the flight. Tom was just about to go to the briefing room to call Major Hopkins when it happened.

Out of the horizon came three heavy bombers, their sound muffled by the mountain wall which surrounded the airfield. The despised insignia of the planes was plainly seen, as they began to clobber the airstrip. It was a perfect sneak attack.

For a fleeting moment, Tom wanted to run for the air-raid shelter across the field, but a bomb exploded with a crashing thump not more than forty yards from the Shooting Star, poised and waiting on the field. Tom, instead of running for cover, raced for the cockpit of his beloved fighter jet, cursing the planes which were trying to snuff out her life without giving her a chance to fight back.

In the cockpit, Tom revved up the engine for take-off. With bombs bursting all around him, he sped down the runway and made a perfect takeoff. He knew he was realizing his life's ambition. A feeling of power surged through his body.

After he had gained an altitude of seventy-five feet, Tom flipped the plane on her back and pointed her nose towards the heavens. As if the plane knew that Tom was saving her life, she responded instantaneously and, in a matter of four seconds, had gained the necessary altitude to clear the obstructing mountain.

Tom knew every nut and bolt of his plane, and he had a feeling of abounding satisfaction at being behind the controls. He banked a right turn and immediately caught one of the bombers in his triangular sights. He pressed the firing button and drew black smoke and fire from the fuselage of the bomber. One down, two to go. Tom was acting just like a veteran, calm and sure of himself.

He swung his plane around just a trifle and smeared the second bomber with the hot lead pouring from his guns. Two down, one to go.

The third plane, seeing the fate of his contemporaries, opened fire on Tom's Star. Tom, however, pressed the firing button and kept pouring

lead into the gunnery placement. The gunner, wounded, fell back from the gun. Tom circled over the plane and opened fire once again. This time he found a vulnerable spot, the fuel tank. The plane exploded as it cracked into the mountain. Three down, mission accomplished.

Tom swung back to the airfield and, in a matter of minutes, landed.

His buddies, running onto the field, greeted him with open arms, praising him for his courageous flight. He had canned three bombers in fifty seconds, saved the Star from certain injury and possible ruin, and had realized his ambition. The question in his mind, however, was, would he be court-martialed for unauthorized use of the Shooting Star.

The next day Tom Cary, trembling and afraid, faced his flight commander. To his wonder and amazement he hadn't been court-martialed at all, although his commander, smiling, warned him that non-flying personnel should not fly. Instead, he was sent to flying school, and the next time he's back on the airstrip he'll be a regular pilot. And he'll never be happy until he knocks down two or three MIG's to add to the three bombers he has already bagged. After all, a fighter pilot should kill fighter planes, not just big fat bombers. Victor Battaglioli,'58

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POET'S CORNER



THE RIVER

Glistening ice, your treacherous beauty
Hides the black current swirling below.
In sinister silence you wait for your victim:
An innocent child, romping fast 'cross the snow.

Your gurgling black waters rush ever more swiftly,
As the child slides so gaily on her shiny, red sled.

A crack!

The ice parts, as with a sudden loud roar you envelop her.
Now she must forever rest in the shades of the dead.

Karin Roebuck,'58

TO SKATE OR TO SIT

With staunch heart I set foot forth
To brace the cruel wind from the North.
My purpose is firm: it's time I learn
To skate, and not land on my stern.

Determined hands lace skates quite quickly.
I stand, and don a smile most sickly.
Balancing on two blades so thin
Seems to disturb my equilibrium.

Skaters whirl by with the greatest of ease.
As I stumble on, my "friends" start to tease:
"Be careful, you'll fall--look out! There's a crack!"
And in a grand whirl of skates, I go down with a smack.

Four hours later, with body bruised and sore,
I finally reach my home and stumble in the door.
Supper's ready, and I head right for my seat.
Ouch!--can't sit down; off the mantle I must eat.

The moral of this story, as I recuperate here in bed,
Is---My friend, go out today and buy yourself a sled!

Karin Roebuck, '58

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ALL SHOOK UP

I was born one snowy morning,
On a rainy afternoon.
The sun was shining brightly,
By the light of the silvery moon.

My heart was full of sadness.
As I laughed, my sides felt pain;
For the tune I whistled on my lips,
Held the gloom of falling rain.

The reason for my joyous grief,
As you might like to know,
Is that even though I'll never leave,
My time has come to go.

So if you're walking down the street,
In your brand-new, beat-up Ford,
And see a pile of melting snow,
Upon your running board,

Don't get alarmed, or "all shook up",
Just run as fast as you can.
For I'm melting fast; as you can see,
I'm a crazy, mixed-up snowman.

Marylou Hearty, '59

WEEKENDS

“Get up quick! it’s nine o’clock,
You slept an hour late.
It’s time you did a little work.
You’ll never be done at this rate.

“Finished eating? Well, I should hope!
You ought to take your brother out.
Let him play in the snow a while,
Then bring him in, for he may get cold.
He’s such a darling little child.

“Clean the den, scrub the floors,
Tell your father to fix the hall door.
Fix the supper, the kids are back.
Turn off the stove; the rolls are black.

“Get the baby ready for bed.
Make some more salad from this new lettuce head.”
When at last my weekend ends,
Off to school I gaily tread.

Brooke Teel, '60

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READY TO SAIL!

The sun was shining, the waves it lit.
What a wonderful day for a sailing trip.
We’d start in the morning and pack a lunch,
And just beforehand we’d eat a light brunch.

We flounced from the rowboat, so tiny and small,
To the wide open cockpit of a luxurious yawl.
We raised the main-sheet to the mast’s tapering tip,
And tightened the rigging of the billowing jib.

We let go our mooring and sailed out to meet
The fresh, breezy morning, looking sparkling and neat.
A strong gust of wind filled our sails with new glee,
And we sped further on through the wide, endless sea.

Brooke Teel, '60



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

PUNCHARD RALLY

On the evening of November 27, a rally was held in the gym to build up school spirit for the annual football clash with arch-rival Andover on Thanksgiving morning. A skit was presented depicting a football game, with the players dressed as cheerleaders and the cheerleaders in football uniforms. Mrs. Dimlich acted as referee and Mr. Larochelle was the announcer. Mr. Robinson brought a balloon, shaped like Sputnik, with a streamer trailing from it reading "Beat Andover." An invitation was extended to all parents and townspeople to attend this rally, and the gymnasium was filled to capacity. J. R.

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CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

During Christmas time, various Christmas posters were displayed in the corridors of the school. These posters were drawn by the art classes. Classrooms were also decorated by members of the individual home rooms. The decorations in the library and the beautifully done paintings in the trophy cases in the main lobby were most impressive. These decorations really helped to bring alive the Christmas spirit for all. P. A. J.

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PROM COMMITTEE

Those elected to the Prom Committee this year are the following seniors: John Minihan, Janet Drummey, Andy Zigelis, Victor Battaglioli, Clair Oskar, and Ann Marie Barrett; and juniors Olive Gravel, Martha Foster, Mike Byron, Linda Champion, Judy Nicora and Henry Pitman. P. H.

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N.A.H.S. TOP TEN

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Get a Job | 6. Well, Anyway |
| 2. Tell Her You Love Her | 7. Warm |
| 3. Magic Moments | 8. Lah-Dee-Dah |
| 4. Don't | 9. Belonging to Someone |
| 5. You Are My Destiny | 10. The Stroll |

D. H.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

As a result of a suggestion made by the Student Council, a Boys' Glee Club has been formed. The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Mosher, is a select group. The boys who were interested tried out before Christmas during the school periods. After Christmas, Mr. Mosher selected twenty-five boys. With the continued cooperation of those involved, this should turn out to be a very fine organization.

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MUSIC FESTIVAL

We wish to congratulate Earlene Foster and George Mastin who were chosen to represent North Andover High School in the Massachusetts All-State Music Festival chorus and band. This festival will be held in Springfield, Massachusetts, March 27-29.

The chorus will be under the direction of Mr. Don Craig of New York and the band under Mr. Guy Taylor, also of New York.

Both Earlene and George are juniors and, as this festival is mainly for seniors, this is an even greater honor for them.

Congratulations and good luck to both of you!

B. V.

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LATIN TROPHY

The Latin department of North Andover High School was presented with a trophy by the Association for the Promotion of the Study of Latin after three students had each won pins for their exceptionally high scores in nationwide examinations given by this association.

Helen Mooradkanian, the first from this school to win a medal pin and now a student at Wellesley, Priscilla Watts, presently a senior, and Lynne Christiansen, now attending Georgetown High as a senior, were the three whose high scores made the winning of this trophy possible.

The trophy has now been placed in the trophy case in the main lobby.

K. R.



RECORD

ALUMNI LIST

College

Girls

Bonanno, Josephine - Merrimack College
 Bullock, Adele - Bridgewater Teachers College
 Cahoon, Jean - University of New Hampshire
 Fretwell, Carolyn - Boston University
 Greenler, Kathleen - Merrimack College
 Knightly, Judith - University of New Hampshire
 Mooradkanian, Louise - Vassar College
 O'Keefe, Maureen - Merrimack College
 Tetler, Judith - Boston University
 Stansel, Dorothy - Oberlin College

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Boys

Cahill, Michael - Merrimack College
 Gallant, John - Northeastern University
 Haigh, George - Worcester Polytechnic Institute
 Harris, Robert - University of Massachusetts
 Markey, John - Merrimack College
 Morse, Douglas - Boston University
 Russell, Bruce - Illinois College
 Schubert, Richard - Northeastern University
 Stevenson, Douglas - Lowell Tech
 Warwick, David - Northeastern University
 Whittemore, Herbert - Merrimack College

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Special Schools

Caron, John - Burdett
 Chesel, Robert - Vesper George School of Art
 Curren, William - Leland Powers
 McAloon, Neil - McIntosh
 Medici, Joseph - Wentworth Institute
 Ord, James - Burdett
 Sheehan, Edward - St. Phillips
 Torla, Robert - Tilton Academy
 Wilson, Joan - Essex Agricultural
 School



NAHS.

ON



TO VICTORY!



H. Phillips 58'

Service

Aaronian, Russell - Navy	Burris, William - Air Force
Blackstock, William - Air Force	McCarthy, Frank - Navy
Buchanan, Robert - Army	Nicora, William - Air Force
Rodgers, Roderick - Air Force	Hunt, Edward - Air Force

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Nursing

Broderick, Rhoda - St. Elizabeth's Hospital
 Hamilton, Donna - Lawrence General Hospital
 Kopec, Carol - Burbank
 Lodge, Susan - Lawrence General Hospital
 Myhaver, Joyce - Lawrence General Hospital
 Mulchahey, Donna - Lawrence General Hospital
 Towler, Clare - Lawrence General Hospital
 Weymouth, Paula - Lawrence General Hospital

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**Employed
Girls**

Ackroyd, Carol - Telephone Co.
 Belluardo, Delores - Bruce Aider Co.
 Berube, Gloria - Mann & Gould
 Cotter, Mary - Raytheon
 Currier, Audrey - Amorette Shoe Co.
 Curtis, Laura - Telephone Co.
 DeBurro, Eileen - Raytheon
 Detora, Shirley - Raytheon
 Doiran, Joan - Champion International
 Donovan, Joyce - City of Lawrence
 Dunn, Joyce - Telephone Co.
 Hallsworth, Maryann - William Barry Co.
 Kurgan, Maryann - Amorette Shoe Co.
 Nadeau, Pauline - Raytheon
 Nussbaum, Marilyn - Willis & Lynch
 Paradis, Dorothy - Raytheon
 Roberts, Cynthia - William Barry Co.
 Smith, Ruth Ann - Raytheon
 Spofford, Brenda - Merrimack Mutual Insurance Co.
 Sztucinski, Kathrin - Western Electric
 Thomson, Geraldine - State of Massachusetts
 Thornton, Judith - School for Minorettes
 Verda, Kathleen - Western Electric
 Whittaker, Nancy - Raytheon
 Uhle, Carol - Kay Jewelry Co.

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Post Graduate

Belluardo, Francis - Salem Teachers' College

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At Home

Dorothy Hodgdon

Miss Bailey

A new member of our faculty this year is Miss Bailey, who previously taught at Gardner, Mass. She graduated from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and completed her graduate work at Boston University.

Miss Bailey teaches world history, English, and junior business training at North Andover. Besides being in the teaching profession, she is a member of the Naval Reserve.

Miss Bailey now resides in Andover. We are happy to welcome her to our faculty at North Andover High School. P. W.

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Mr. Robinson

Mr. Robinson, who is teaching general science, junior business training, and consumer education, is another new member of our faculty this year. He graduated from Boston University, where he received his Bachelor of Science degree, and now has fifteen credit hours toward his Master's degree at Suffolk University.

Although this is his first civilian teaching position, he has taught in the army, where he served for two years as a sergeant in the Anti-Aircraft Guided Missile Division.

Motion picture photography is Mr. Robinson's hobby, and he is advisor to the North Andover High School Photography Club which was started this year. He is also a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army Reserves.

We are very happy to welcome Mr. Robinson to our high school faculty. C. O.

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Mr. Hamel

Mr. Hamel is also a new member of our faculty this year. He graduated from Central Catholic High School in Lawrence. He then attended St. Anselm's College, Merrimack College, and Boston Teachers' College. He holds his Bachelor of Arts degree and is now working toward his Master's degree in Education.

Last year Mr. Hamel taught mathemtics and science at Stoneham High School, and he now teaches the same subjects at North Andover.

We wish to welcome Mr. Hamel to North Andover. C. C.

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SCHOOL PLAY

This year the school play, under the direction of Mr. McDonald, will be the production of "Our Miss Brooks". The following have been chosen for parts in the play: Miss Brooks, Donna Hammond; Ted, Clark Lewis; Miss Finch, Claire Oskar; Jane, Susan Roberts; Hugo Longacre, Bill Rock; Mrs. Allen, Lois Meserve; Sylvia, Jo Ellen Robertson; Mr. Wadsworth, Joseph Trombly; Doris, Dorothy Beletsky; Stanley, Roland Cook; Marge, Jane DeVebre; Faith, Charlotte Hitchcock; Elaine, Eleanor Stang; Rhonda, Martha Meeker; Elsie, Judith Nicora; Miss Audubon, Sheila Kelly; and Martin, Lanson Hyde.

Those cast as understudies are Linda Champion, Miss Brooks; Kathy Roberts, Miss Finch; Judith Duda, Jane; Lorna Smith, Mrs. Allen; Janet Duncan, Sylvia; Carol Murphy, Marge; Kathy Murphy, Faith; Patricia Harrington, Elaine; Beverly Scannell, Rhonda; Beverly Hoyt, Elsie; Joyce Lee, Miss Audubon; and Richard Smith, Martin.

Congratulations to all who obtained parts in the play! We know you will all do a wonderful job. C. C.

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ENGLISH CLASS NEWSPAPER

Miss Bailey's junior English class, under her direction and that of Miss Dineen, published a newspaper entitled The Two-Star-Column. The following served as members of the staff: editor-in-chief, Earlene Foster; managing editor, Olive Gravel; business manager, Gail Roache; news reporters, Emily Foster, Edward Phelan, James Barclay, Frank Elander, Irving Newman, Mike Broderick; sports, Joe Walsh (boys), Peggy McAloon (girls); carbon drawings, Nancy Curran, Laurie Ferguson; stories, Judy Ormsby; fashions, Betty Montanaro; humor, Roland Cook, Ben Osgood, Charles Randone; love-lorn, Allen Comstock., Tom McIntyre; typists, Kay Licciardello, Beverly Pierog, Betty Montanaro, Gail Roche; copy editor, Linda Smith.

The entire class visited the Engle Tribune publishing plant before taking on this new class assignment. G. R.

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PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Thursday, December 19, 1957, the Photography Club held its organizational meeting and plans were discussed for future activities.

January 2, 1958, the following officers were elected: president, Robert Murphy; secretary, John O'Brien; and treasurer, Paul Schwenke. Mr. Robertson is the faculty advisor. E. R.

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SCIENCE CLUB

Among the many recently formed clubs is the Science Club. Its officers are the following: president, Robert Murphy; vice-president, Bernard O'Keefe; secretary, John Cormier; treasurer, Harold Damerow; and publicity agent, Elaine Roche. The purpose of this club is to give its members an opportunity to plan projects for the Science Fair to be held at our school in February. The faculty advisors are Mr. Regan and Mr. Foderaro. E. R.

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SCIENCE CLASS TRIP

On November 16, 1957, Mr. Robinson's science class took a trip to the Nike Base of the 605th Missile Battalion. The students were divided into groups and given an extensive tour of the base. They watched a demonstration of the maneuvers necessary before a missile can be launched. The missiles were brought from underground and placed in a firing position. The students were then shown how a plane is traced on radar before firing a missile. C. C.

HOBBY SHOW

Students of North Andover High School, under Mr. Robinson's direction, presented an exhibit at the Collectors and Hobby Show held February 1 and 2 at the Y. W. C. A. A four foot model of a three stage rocket, constructed by William Paisley, Phillip Chick, John Thompson, Kevin Burke, and David Palmer, the student advisor was shown. A model of an artificial satellite containing model instruments, constructed by Victor Pas, G. Blake Adams, and Robert Murphy, student advisor, was also shown. Mr. Robinson displayed an actual rocket containing a camera, constructed by David Palmer, and a two-inch satellite containing a radio transmitter, constructed by Kenneth Johnson. C. C.

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ASSEMBLY

Our annual Christmas assembly was presented on December 20 by the junior speech classes under the direction of Mr. James McDonald, head of the Speech Department.

Sue Roberts put everyone in a festive mood by her humorous rendition of a monologue entitled "She Does Her Christmas Shopping Early". This was followed by a choral reading of "Twas the Night Before Christmas," in which there were about twenty participants. The recitations of two poems entitled "Jabey Dawes" and "Jest Before Christmas" were given by Clark Lewis and Roland Cook, respectively. A humorous Christmas skit was presented by Leonard Thibault and Lois Merserve. Linda Champion's reading of "The Littlest Angel" was a suitable finale to the program. Pat Durand was mistress of ceremonies, and she closed the program with a Christmas prayer. L. M.

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GUIDANCE REPORT

On November 14, a representative from Tufts met with several students interested in that school.

Speakers from the Navy and the Waves gave informative talks on those branches of the service for juniors and seniors on November 19.

Several of our students attended the B. U. Open House held on November 23.

On November 26, a film on medical technology was shown in the auditorium after school to all interested students.

Many of our students attended the Open House held at Lowell General Hospital on December 11.

On January 10, Mr. Noonan, a representative of the Bentley School of Accounting, spoke to a number of seniors. His talk was of great interest to those students planning on entering the accounting field.

On January 13, Mr. Arthur Taylor came to our school from Brown University. He gave a very informative talk about life at Brown and requirements for entrance.

Recently, Mr. Bacon, a representative of Amherst College, talked to senior boys interested in that school. These boys, Andrew Zigelis, James Meyers, Larry Colby, and Leonard Depres, later accompanied Mr. Bacon to lunch.

On January 14, Mr. Browbon, from Western Electric, talked to a group of students about the subject of micro-waves in radio and television. He also showed some very interesting slides.

An Air Force representative spoke to interested students after the close of the school session on January 20. M. M.

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STUDENT COUNCIL

A Student Adult Association, composed of interested parents of high school students, the officers of the four high school classes, and senior home room representatives, was formed on November 20, 1957, at an open house in the high school auditorium. Mr. Edwin Murphy is acting as temporary chairman. Through the help of this committee, baton twirling lessons will be given and dancing, after home basketball games on Friday evenings, will be provided.

A dance instructor spoke to the Student Council on January 15 about the possibility of giving those pupils who do not know how to dance an opportunity to learn.

Winners of the Scarlet Knight basketball pin contest, sponsored by the Council, were Joyce Stanganelli, Edward Phelan, and Daniel McRobbie. They will each be given free tickets for the season for all home basketball games. E. K.

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HONOR SOCIETY

The Honor Society conducted an assembly on November 25 for the induction of new members.

After the officers had spoken, Miss Cook inducted the following juniors and seniors into the society: Frances Brown, Christine Carney, Michael Greenler, Mary Glennie, JoEllen Robertson, John Walvius, Catherine Cummings, and Kenneth Melvin.

We extend our congratulations to these pupils for their outstanding efforts in scholarship. A. M.

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DANCES

On December 13, the Prom Committee held a dance in the gym to raise money for the Junior-Senior Prom in June. The chaperones were Mr. Crozier, Mr. Lee, Miss Buckley, Mr. Perrault, Dr. Thomson, Mr. Robinson, and Miss Gillen.

On January 18 the annual yearbook dance, the proceeds from which are used to help defray the cost of the senior class yearbook, was held. The chaperones were Miss Mooradkanian, Miss Neal, Miss Torpey, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Hamel, Mr. McDonald, and Dr. Thomson.

We wish to thank all those students and faculty members who helped to make both these dances a success by contributing of their time and efforts. S. K.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Congratulations to all the freshmen who obtained parts in the school play. In the production "Our Miss Brooks", Sheila Kelley will play the part of Miss Audubon, a school teacher. Dottie Beletski was cast as Doris, one of the students; and Lanson Hyde, our class president, will play the part of Martin, another of the students.

Judy Duda, Bev Hoyt, Joyce Lee, Carol Murphy and Kathy Murphy are cast as understudies.

Good luck kids. We'll be watching for you!

Both the freshmen boys' and girls' basketball teams are having regular practices and are working hard under the direction of Mr. Steele and Mrs. Dimlich.

On February 15 an examination was given to all freshmen boys interested in a four-year scholarship to Brooks School. The two highest scorers on the examination will be eligible for the scholarship. K. M.

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SOPHOMORE CLASS

Our class is well represented in the annual school play this year. Donna Hammond, who portrays the part of Miss Brooks, has the leading role. Others from our class who have parts include Eleanor Stang, Charlotte Hitchcock, Martha Meeker, William Rock, and Joseph Trombly. Kathy Roberts and Patricia Harrington are understudies. G. DeF.

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JUNIOR CLASS

During the month of December the Hi-Fi's, a junior club, sold red and black beanies. They were available to anyone in the school who wished to purchase one. The beanies bear the letters N.A.H.S. in red on a field of black, and they have a red pompom on top. The girls wear them to the basketball games.

Congratulations to the juniors who are in the school play. They are Jane deVebre, Judith Nicora, Susan Roberts, Lois Meserve, Clark Lewis, and Roland Cook. The understudies are Linda Champion, Lorna Smith, and Janet Duncan. C. C.

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SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class chose John Minihan, Vic Battaglioli, and Andrew Zigelis as candidates for the Good Government Day Representative. At a later date, the three names were placed on a ballot and the class selected John Minihan as its representative.

At the same meeting, three candidates for the D.A.R. Good Citizenship Award were chosen by the class. They were Janet Drummey, Ann Marie Barrett, and Claire Oskar. The teachers then chose Claire Oskar as the Good Citizen.

Those chosen for the Class Colors and Motto Committee are John Minihan, chairman, Andy Zigelis, Vic Battaglioli, Janet Drummey, and Mary Mahoney. C. P.



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Basketball

After a week of practice and hard work, Mrs. Dimlich picked the varsity team for the coming season. Those comprising the squad are Captain Priscilla Watts, Carolyn Hager, Barbara Weingart, Paula Coates, Janet Duncan, Martha Foster, Bev Donnelly, Linda Champion, Etta Mae Nadeau, Joyce Rennie, Pat Minihan, Joanne Zemba, Maureen Jacques, and Margaret Mattraw.

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North Andover vs. Merrimac

The first two games of the girls' schedule were played against Merrimac, the first one at the latter's court. Despite the efforts of the guards and the forwards, the girls lost both games. However, the team as a whole played well.

The J. V. team won both its games.

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North Andover vs. Tewksbury

After trailing for three periods, the girls came from behind in the fourth period to win this game 41 - 40. It was an exciting game all the way. Starring brilliantly were guards Priscilla Watts and Janet Duncan, and forwards Etta Mae Nadeau, Martha Foster, and Bev Donnelly.

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North Andover vs. Methuen

The Methuen High girl cagers topped North Andover's girls 52-38 in the season's first encounter between the rival schools. North Andover's scoring was led by Martha Foster and Etta Nadeau, with 16 and 11 points respectively. In the afternoon's preliminary game, Methuen's J. V. girls outscored our J. V. team 16 - 15 in an overtime period.

North Andover vs. Billerica

In the second league game of the season, Billerica's girls nipped North Andover's by a 65 - 57 score. Top scorers for North Andover were Etta Nadeau, with 28 points, and Beverly Donnelly, with 21.

A. W. and B. W.

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BOYS' SPORTS**Basketball****North Andover vs. Alumni**

North Andover's Scarlet Knights opened the season with a resounding 92 - 23 beating of the Alumni at the spacious North Andover gym. The game was no contest from beginning to end, as the Knights displayed too much speed and shooting ability for the grads. Three players hit double figures for the Knights. Co-Captain Robin Munroe caged 25; Joe Walsh, 15; and Vic Battaglioli, 15.

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North Andover vs. Andover

The Scarlet Knights of North Andover, behind the brilliant performances of Robin Munroe and Vic Battaglioli, defeated Andover High School by the score of 57 - 32. The first half was nip and tuck all the way, with Andover walking off with a one point lead, 19 - 18. However, the third period proved to be Andover's undoing. The Knights caged 20 points to Andover's 7. The fourth period was a repetition of the third. Of the total of 57 points, Robin Munroe and Vic Battaglioli accounted for 41.

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North Andover vs. Tewksbury

North Andover's first five played less than half a game as they routed a slow Tewksbury quintet 87 - 28. The Tewksbury five was no match for the Knights' speed and depth. Co-Captain Robin Munroe again led the attack with 21 points; Battaglioli and Zigelis followed with 16 apiece.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Newburyport

The Scarlet Knights dropped their first decision in 21 regular season games when they were defeated by a rangy Newburyport quintet, 46-41. As the game got underway, it looked like the Knights were in for another big win over Newburyport, for they jumped to a 19 - 9 lead. However, just as things seemed to be going well, the Knights cooled off and it seemed as if a lid has been placed over the basket, for North Andover couldn't buy a basket. In the meantime, Newburyport began creeping up on the Knights, till they finally gained the lead in the third period. To add to the Knights' misery, Co-Captains Andy Zigelis and Robin Munroe both fouled out. For the Knights, Munroe led with 16. Battaglioli had 14.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Newburyport

North Andover bombed a good Newburyport quintet by the score of 68 - 45 for their second win of the season. After a shaky first period, they finally pulled themselves together, behind Co-Captains Andy Zigelis and Robin Munroe, to take a commanding lead. In the last half, Vic Battaglioli and Joe Walsh took over the brunt of the scoring, and the Knights coasted in. Battaglioli was tops with 22 points, while Munroe and Walsh collected 14. Zigelis had 11.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Methuen

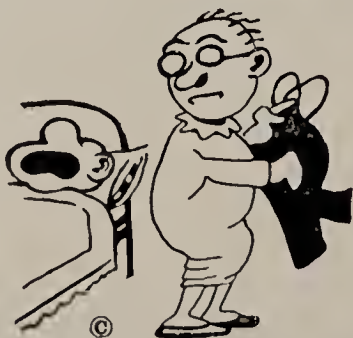
North Andover whipped Methuen for its second "Little Three" victory by a score of 62 - 45. Methuen's Rangers took a 5 point lead in the first period, but our Scarlet Knights took hold of themselves and surged ahead, paced by Co-Captain Robin Munroe, who swished 31 points. The Knights retained their lead throughout the second half, thus proving too much for the Methuen five.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Methuen

The Scarlet Knights entertained Methuen at our own gym and handed them a defeat to the tune of 54 - 46. In their previous meeting, our Robin Munroe scored at will, so using him as a decoy, Andy Zigelis was set up and scored 18 points to lead the Knights in that department. Munroe still managed 12 points. Joe Walsh and John Minihan turned in an excellent job under the boards.

A. Z. and V. B.

**EXCHANGES**

The "Aegis," Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Congratulations on your excellent literary section. We especially enjoyed "Welcome Stranger."

"Topsinews," Topsfield High School, Topsfield, Mass.

Borrowed:

Housewife in supermarket: "I'm sorry, I can't remember the brand - - but I can hum a few bars of the commercial."

* * * * *

"Boston University News," Boston, Mass.

We enjoy "On Campus" by Max Shulman very much. Keep up the good work!

* * * * *

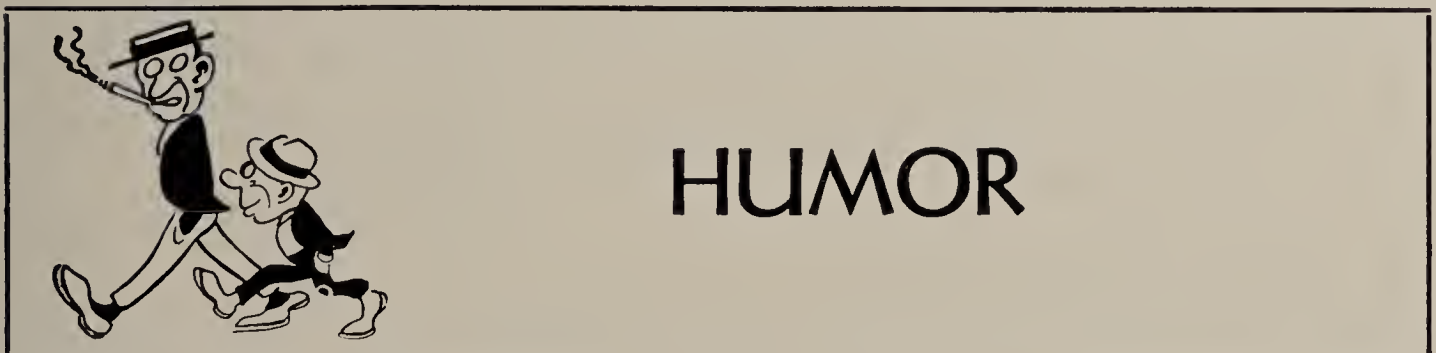
"Indiana Technician," Fort Wayne, Indiana

Borrowed:

He walked her to her front door.
She whispered with a sigh,
"I'll be home tomorrow night."
He answered, "So will I!"

J. R. and M. P.

* * * * *



Hostess (to a little boy at a party): "Why don't you eat your jello?"
Little boy (watching jello closely); "It's not dead yet."

* * * * *

A freshman child so shy and coy,
Admiringly stares at a sophomore boy;
But the sophomore boy, head in a whirl,
Loves that pretty junior girl.
But the junior girl, in clashing sedan,
Pursues that senior man.
But the senior man, handsome and wild,
Secretly loves the freshman child.

Pilot to tower: "Plane out of gas. Am fifty miles out over ocean at three hundred feet. Radio instructions."

Tower to pilot: "Repeat after me - - Our Father who art in heaven"

* * * * *

Man, sampling wife's casserole. "What's in this, dear? I may have to describe it to a doctor."

* * * * *

Always forgive your enemies:
Nothing annoys them so much.

* * * * *

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